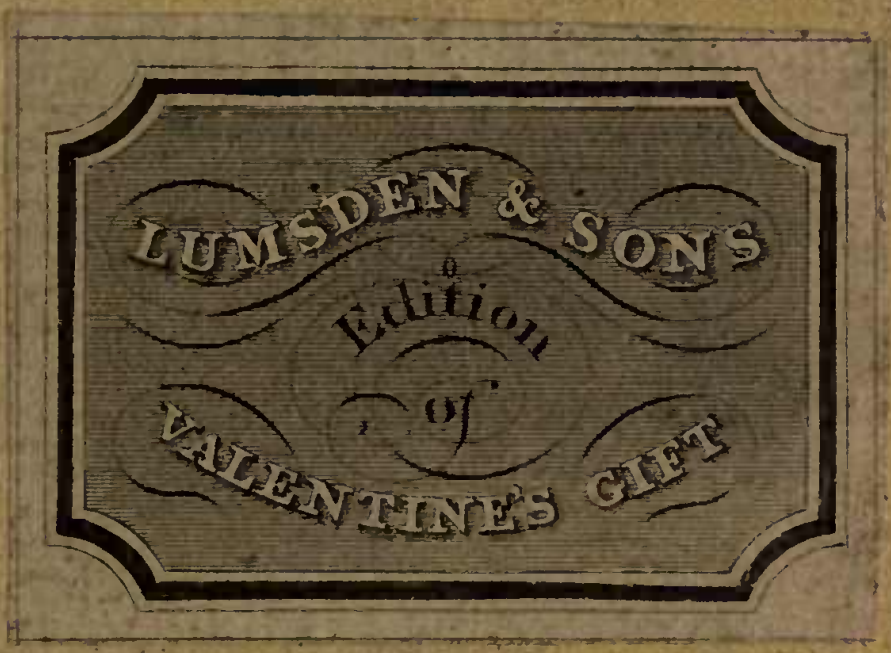
LUMSDEN & SONS
Edition
of
VALENTINE'S GIFT

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FRONTISPIECE.

THE

Valentine's Gift;

OR,

A PLAN

To enable Children of all Denominations to behave with

HONOUR, INTEGRITY, AND HUMANITY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

Some account of Old Zigzag,

AND OF THE HORN WHICH HE USED

To understand the Language of

Birds, Beasts, Fishes, and Insects.

The Lord who made thee, made the creatures also; thou shalt be merciful and kind unto them, for they are thy fellow tenants of the globe.

ZOROASTER.

GLASGOW:
Published and Sold by J. LUMSDEN & SON.

Price Sixpence.

THE

VALENTINE'S GIFT.

One morning I was with Mr. Simpson, talking of the commotions in the State, and lamenting the mischiefs that might ensue from our own ridiculous contentions, and intestine broils, when Mrs. Simpson came in, in a hurry, and looking earnestly at her husband, Dear me, said she, what are become of our children? How long they lay in bed this morning! They little think, poor things, that it is Valentine's Day. Go, Sarah, and call them up immediately. I wish you would let them lay, my dear, says Mr. Simpson, and not stuff their heads with such nonsense. Don't tell me,

husband, answered she, with some emotion (as my wife, or any other man's wife might do,) I don't think it is nonsense; I like these old customs, and would have them kept up. I should like them too, says Mr. Simpson, if they were used according to their original intention. Pray, what was their original intention, says Mrs. Simpson, methinks I should be glad to know? Why then, I will tell you, my dear, says he, but first call down the children; for perhaps, they may learn something from what I am about to say. Upon this Mrs. Simpson ran up stairs herself, and soon brought down with her, Dicky and Tommy, and Sally and Polly. (And see here they are.)

My dear children, says Mrs. Simpson, how long you have lain in bed this morning; you little think that it is Valentine's Day, and that they are all expecting you at Mr. Salmon's, Mr. Thomson's, and Mr. Smith's.

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Mamma, shall I have a knot, says Sally. I'll have a red knot, says Tommy. I'll have gloves, mamma, says Dicky; and I'll have money, says the little one.

You see, my dear, says Mr. Simpson, that this good old institution gives place now to nothing but frippery; whereas for many centuries it answered a most valuable purpose in life. Mrs. Simpson again desired to know, what that was (still stroking up the child's hair, and preparing her for her journey.) Why, says he, if you have read the History of the Apostles, Evangelists, and first Fathers of the Church, you will find, that the Christians, in those days, had all things in common among them, and that they had frequent meetings, called Love-Feasts, in which all the assembly, gentle and simple, poor and rich, sat down together, and after the repast was over, they enquired into the state of the poor in different parts of the

world, went to prayers, sung psalms, and by religious discourses, strengthened each other in the faith. About the third century, St. Valentine, a pious good man, seeing the benefit that arose to society, from these frequent meetings; (for all vicious inclinations, passion and turbulence were set aside before they could enter the community,) introduced, as we are told, another practice among the Christians, which was that of choosing a Valentine for the year, and, in order to prevent disputes in the choice, the two persons, man and woman, that first saw each other, were Valentines, if they were Christians, and of good character; and the business of these Valentines was to watch over each other's conduct, and to admonish each other freely when any thing was said or done amiss. This, says Mrs. Simpson, might be serviceable to the common people, but how would the great ones bear it from the poor, and espe-

cially from their own servants, which might sometimes be the case? No, says Mr. Simpson, they could not have a Valentine who was one of their own family, and therefore that was avoided. But I'll tell you a story my dear.

The king of Blanco, who was a pious good man, died, and left his kingdom to be governed by Isabella, his daughter, an only child; but she was not of the same amiable disposition with her father. The gold old king had magnificence and economy, without either pride or covetousness; but his daughter had both in abundance; besides which, she was too fond of a man, whom she had made her prime minister, and neglected all those good rules, which were encouraged and practised by the Christians in those days.

It happened one Valentine's Day in the morning, that not being very well, she arose earlier than usual, and going into an apartment of the palace which

was repairing, she saw a mason, in consequence of which he was her VALENTINE for that year, and she his, which was very disagreeable to a princess of her pride and indiscretion.

The mason, however, was never wanting in his duty, and informed her of all he heard amiss, either in her conduct, or in the state, and, among other things, he several times put her on her guard against the prime minister, who was a wicked man, and always plotting her ruin.

These admonitions she was obliged to hear, as he was her VALENTINE; yet she generally laughed both at him and them; but one day, he having got intelligence that an insurrection was intended, and that she was to be murdered in the confusion; he came to her, and told her, if she would listen to him for ten minutes, he would never trouble her any more. The princess consented, and he disclosed to her the whole affair, and that she

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might be thoroughly convinced, placed her concealed in a part of the wainscot next her prime minister's apartment, where she heard (and saw through a small hole) her two principal favourites canvass the whole affair, agree on the manner of her murder, and to a distribution of her riches and power between themselves.

She now thought herself happy in having a VALENTINE, who would favour her escape. The great difficulty was to get out of the palace privately and unhurt, and this he accomplished by dressing her up in a suit of his own clothes, which with having on a leathern apron, a basket of tools, and being disguised about the hands and face, she passed with him as an apprentice.

Before she put on this disguise, under pretence of being ill, she told her attendants she would go to bed, and ordered them not to come into her apartment. To prevent which, she, as they imagined, locked herself in;

but she had only placed an image of wax-work in the bed, and then locked the door, and made her escape in the manner already mentioned.

About midnight the rioters broke into the royal apartment, and not doubting, but that it was the Princess in bed, rolled up the clothes, and tied them to smother her, and then threw the whole into a river that ran by the castle wall.

As those who occasion a riot are the best able to quell it, so her two wicked ministers soon quelled the tumult, and then erected a building, or kind of stage, in the principal street, and called the elders and the people of the city to bemoan the loss of the late Queen, and to elect another monarch to the throne.

Every body was sorry for the poor queen, and none seemed more so than the two wretches who had conspired against her; they indeed blubbered upon the stage, when the VALENTINE

ascended, and desired permission to speak to the people. When he had obtained leave, he told the citizens, that this insurrection was begun by two men in whom the Princess had placed the utmost confidence, and who now seemed the most sorry for her misfortune; whereas they were the very men who wanted to take her off, in order to share the crown and power between themselves. He also added, that he by accident over-heard them consult this scheme, of which he informed the Princess, assisted her to make her escape, and that she was now alive. At this the people gave a great shout; but the two courtiers who were accused, said, that the man was raving, and his word ought not to be taken. Say you so, says he, then I will call up an evidence you will shudder at; when beckoning with his finger, a person accoutered in a mason's dress ran up the stage, whom he presented to the people, and said, Lo!

brother citizens, here is your Queen, whom I have preserved in this disguise; and turning to the traitors, Here, villains, said he, is your royal mistress, whom you intended to murder. The joy this occasioned was too great to be expressed; but, like other violent emotions, was but of short duration, for after they had demonstrated their affection to their princess, rage and indignation took place against the criminals, who were punished according to their deserts. What that punishment was history does not say, for indeed the whole story was preserved only to shew the great benefit of having a good VALENTINE.

Well, says Mrs. Simpson, that is extraordinary indeed, but it is what I never heard before. That may be, answered her husband, for I tell you, the original intention and benefit of this custom has been long neglected for frippery and nonsense. But if it could be of use to one of such an exalted

station as a princess, how beneficial must it be to private persons? You know Mr. Worthy, my dear, and so do the children too; it is the gentleman that came in his fine coach, and brought you the pretty little books.

He was once a very naughty boy, and nobody loved him, yet now he is become a very polite fine gentleman, and is admired by every body; and I will tell you how this wonderful change was brought about.

As he on a Valentine's morning went by Sir Richard Lovewell's crying to school, (for he did not love his book,) lady Lucy happened to look out and see him; Dear me, says she to her maid, I have got a snivelling Valentine this morning; but however run down stairs and call him in, and let me see what I can make of him. When he came in she pulled out her handkerchief, and wiping his blubbered face, asked him what he cried for? He said, they made him go to schóol, and he

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did not like to go to school. Oh, says she, that is strange indeed: Come you are my Valentine now, and we must talk this matter over together; but I am sorry to hear you don't love your book; give me your satchel, and let me see what books you have; then taking him into a closet, where all the fine little books lay in the window; well, says she, see what books I have got. Bless me! says the little boy, I should like such books as these. Here is Master Friendly carried in the chair; here is Miss Friendly in the Lord Mayor's coach; here is Mrs. Two-and-again, and Lazy Robin, and the House that Jack built! O Mame, and here is Mrs. Williams and the plumb-cake; trade and plumb-cake for ever! huzza! O dear! dear! and here is Woglog and Tommy Trip upon Jowler, and Leo the great Lion, and Miss Biddy Johnson, and Jemmy Gadabout, and Miss Polly Meanwell, and Mr. Little Wit's Cock Robin, and the Family of the

Little Wits is a large Family. Oh, dear! mame, and here is the Cuz in his Cap with his Chorus, Ba, be, bi; and mame, here is Leap-frog,

That holds down his head, whilst that springs up high:
But then you'll observe he'll leap by and by;
Just so 'tis at court, to day you're in place,
To morrow, perhaps, you are quite in disgrace.

And here is the ball and pincushion, to make Miss Polly a good girl, and Master Tommy a good boy; and a letter from Jack the giant-killer. Your servant Mr. Jack the giant-killer; and here is a pretty little bible; oh, dear! I should love to read in such a bible as this; and a little dictionary, mame, the size of a snuff-box. This dictionary will not come thump against my head like our great one at school; and here is the pretty little fables, written by Abraham Æsop, Esq.; and Woglog the great giant.

The truth I hope you don't dispute,
When told you by a brother brute.

And here, mame, is the pretty poems

for children three feet high, that is me, mame; and here is the history of Little Goody Two-Shoes,

> Who from a state of rags and care,
> And having shoes but half a pair;
> Her fortune and her fame would fix,
> And gallop in a coach and six.

Hold, hold, where are you going; come, I will not have my books tumbled over in this manner; but if you will promise me to be a good boy, you shall begin with the first of them, and carry away as many as you can read. What, put them in my pocket, mame? says he. Yes, and keep them, answered she. Then, says he, I will read all day long, mame; shall I, mame? Yes, Sir, and welcome, said the lady. So to it he went, and before dinner he fairly read Nurse Truelove's Christmas-box, or The Golden Play thing; the New year's Gift, or book of books for Children; The Easter-Gift, or the Way to be very good; The Whitsuntide-Gift, or the Way to be very happy; The

Fairing, or The Golden Toy for Children,

In which you will see all the fun of the fair,
And at home be as happy as if you were there.

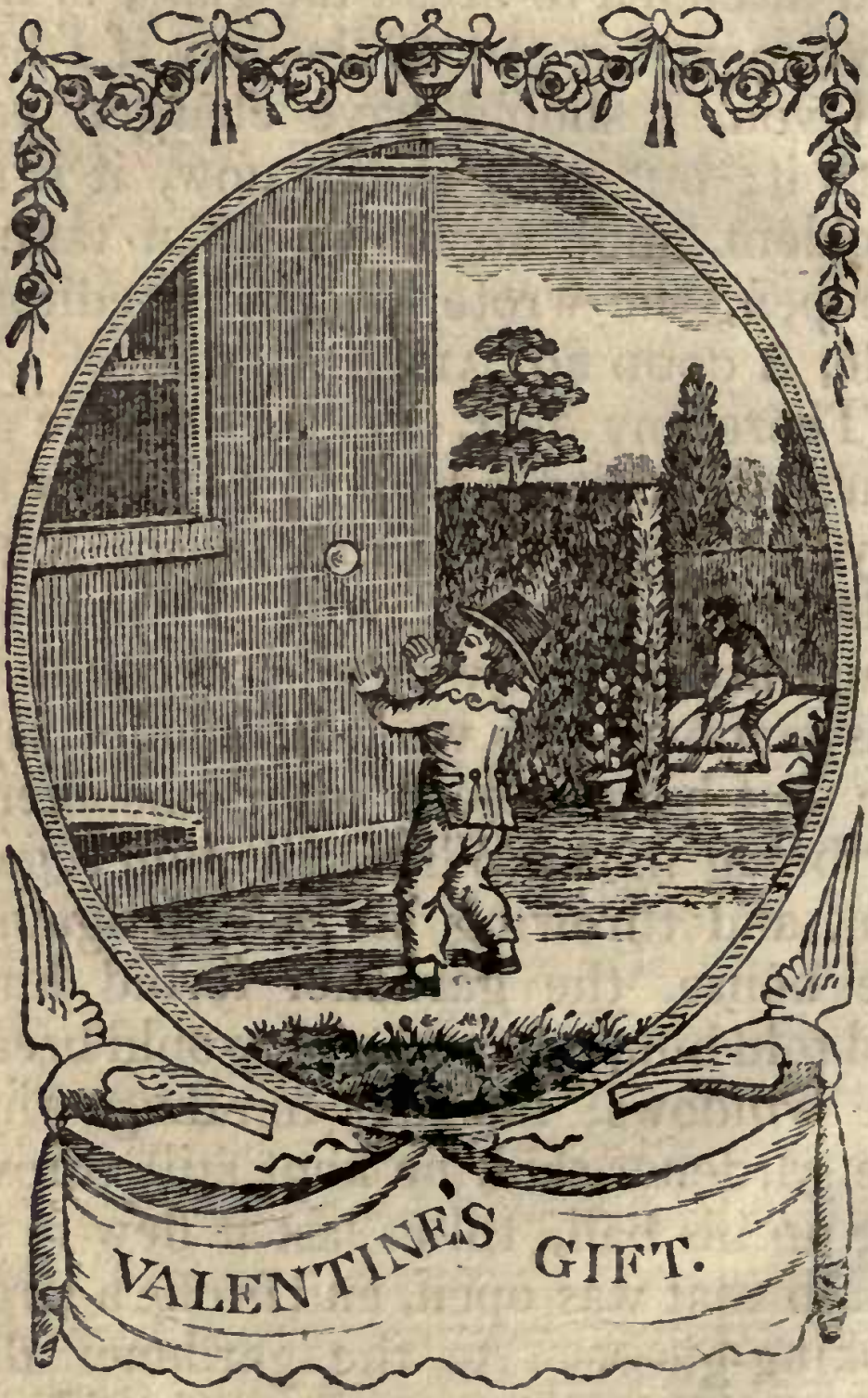
The Royal Primer and the Lottery Book, all which he read aloud to Lady Lucy, and put each book in his pocket as soon as it was finished. As dinner was late, she ordered him a dish of chocolate, but he could not spare time to drink it, nor would he sit down to table without a couple of books by him. Upon which Mr. Johnson, who was there at dinner, asked, what good little boy that was, who was so fond of his book? This, Sir, says she, is Master Worthy, and my Valentine. Dick Worthy! says he, why he is the dullest booby in town; he goes by my house crying to school every day, and I am told cannot learn any thing. Not in those dirty dull books, answered the boy; but I can learn any thing in such nice little pretty books as these. Ay, ay, says Lady Lucy, we shall do very

well; and before he has been my Valentine a year, he shall read with you for your spectacles, Mr. Johnson, and all the money in your pocket into the bargain. So I will, mame, says Dick; but in starting up hastily, threw a glass off the table, and broke it, which much disconcerted him. Come, do not mind that, says Lady Lucy, it is an accident, and I am not angry with you. After dinner he set to reading again, and fairly carried off two other books before the servant came for him, and then he whispered Lady Lucy, to know if he might come and read again to-morrow. Yes, my dear, says she, every day, if you are good, till you have fairly taken all those books away; but before you go, here is another book I must make you acquainted with; and then pulling one out of her pocket, which was bound in red, and lettered on the back, The Valentine's Ledger, she opened it, and wrote on the first leaf, MASTER WORTHY MY VALENTINE,

Debtor; and on the opposite leaf she wrote, THE SAME GENTLEMAN, *Creditor.* Now, says she, as you are my Valentine, you must be honest and true to me, and tell me every day all the faults you have been guilty of, and all the good things you have done, that I may put down the faults on the left hand, and the good actions on the right, to see how they balance at the end of the week; and pray do not tell me a lie, for you know it is very wicked to say what is not true, and of all things I hate a liar. Indeed mame, says he, I will be very good, and tell you all the truth. Then, says she, we will begin to-day; and pray tell me what naughty things you have done. I cried, says he, as I was going to school. Yes, says Lady Lucy, but that was before you was my Valentine, therefore I can take no account of that. Then, says he, I broke the glass, mame. Yes, my dear, says she, but that was an accident, and you could not help it; had

you intended to break the glass, or not have moved it out of the way if I had bid you, I should have charged you with it; but as it stands now, it is an accident, and no fault: Then taking her pen, she wrote on the Creditor's side, A GOOD BOY ALL DAY LONG.

There, my dear, says she, I have given you credit for being a good boy all day, and there is nothing on the other side against you. Now, I wish we could always carry on our account in this manner. So we will, mame, says he; but he was soon after mistaken; for being in Sir William Tippin's garden, and throwing his ball up against the house, the gardener forbid him, and told him, by and by he would break the windows; but not minding what the gardener said, he kept still throwing up his ball, till at last it flew in at a sash that was open, and broke a large looking-glass. As the gardener did not see it, he went away, and said nothing; but hearing Sir William, when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he came home, call to his servant, and charge him with breaking the glass, and threaten to dismiss him his service, he went immediately to his Valentine, and told her what had happened, that it might be entered in the book; and then begged she would go to Sir William, and carry him all the money he had, and not let the servant be turned away upon his account, for that would be very wicked. Ay, so it would, my dear, says she, you are a good boy for coming so readily to me about it, and I will go to Sir William, and make it up, and you shall go with me; for I dare say, when he sees how well our account stands, and knows how good you have been, since you became my Valentine, he will not be angry. So taking the Valentine's Ledger in her hand, away they marched. As soon as they came to the house, Lady Lucy sent in her compliments to Sir William, and desired to speak with him, and begged also, that his

lady might be present at the time of their conversation. They were immediately shewn into a parlour, where was Sir William, Lady Tippin, and his sister. Chairs were placed, but Lady Lucy refused to sit down, telling the company that she and her little friend came there as delinquents. We have been so unhappy, Sir William, says she, as to do you an injury, which we could conceal, and the fault might be thrown upon others; but that would be making the crime greater, and offending God Almighty, who sees and knows all our actions and designs; we therefore are come generously to acknowledge the injury before it is discovered, and to make all the restitution and satisfaction we are able. There has been a glass broke, Sir William. Ay, the best glass in my study; says he, with some emotion. That I don't doubt, says Lady Lucy; that glass was broke by a ball which accidentally flew in at your window; the ball was

our's, and we have a great loss in it. Yes, but the ball will not buy me a glass, says Sir William. Very true, answered the Lady, but the ball is as dear to us as the glass is to you; and as we don't repine at our misfortune, we hope you will think the less of yours: look ye, Sir William, this young gentleman is my Valentine, and a better there is not in town, as you may see by this account; (opening the Ledger) now this is the only fault he is chargeable with for almost two months; and during that time you will find there is credit for so many good days, and he has gained, by the dint of his learning, all my stock of little books; now he has been so unfortunate, by accidentally throwing his ball in at your study window, to break a glass; which fault, we hear, has been charged to one of your servants; we cannot bear our faults should be laid upon others, or that you should be injured in your property, without an adequate security and satisfaction:

Therefore, Sir, my Valentine offers you all this money, which is nine-pence, and his whole stock, he is come to give you bond for the remainder, and he agrees that you shall keep the ball for a collateral security. The ladies laughing, said the security was sufficient, and Sir William taking him by the hand, said it was noble in him to confess the truth; and as he had so readily acknowledged the fault, and behaved so well in other respects, he would neither take money nor security; and returned both the nine-pence and the ball again. Sir William laughing, told Lady Lucy, she was a most excellent advocate. Upon which she replied, it was no wonder that she should succeed, when she pleaded the cause of the just: but as this matter had been fairly tried, said she, the obligation ought to be cancelled in court, and handing the ledger to Sir William, she desired he would discharge it on the other side; which was done,

and witnessed by the ladies. She then shewed it Master Worthy, and told him, that his account stood as clear as before; you have been guilty of a fault, my dear, says she, in continuing to toss the ball after you were forbid, till you broke the glass; but by your love of truth and good behaviour, the fault is cancelled, and your account now stands as before. After this Lady Tippin kissed him, and pinned a silver knot in his hat for telling the truth. As he was going away, the footman, who had been charged with the crime, thrust a plumb-cake into his pocket, and the gardener gave him two fine peaches and a nectarine, and all this because he had told the truth.

After this, she kept the account for Master Worthy till he went to the University; during which time he contracted a habit of being good, and habits, you know, are not easily broken; yet he was so far gone at college, as to be obliged to write to Lady Lucy

for the ledger, who sent it, and desired it might be kept by his tutor; but the young gentleman wrote for answer, that the tutor had enough to do to keep his own ledger, and could not undertake the care of his; but withal added, that he wished a large ledger of this kind was kept in the common room of every college, for all the people, as well fellows as others, to post up their accounts. He managed, however, his own so well himself, that he came off with honour, and has been beloved by the whole country ever since.

But besides this gentleman, Mrs. Longworth, whom you also know, was from a very naughty girl, made extremely good, by having an account kept for her in this manner by her Valentine, and you see now she is the best bred, and the best behaved in the whole parish. Therefore, if our children have their Valentines, my dear, pray let them have their ledger-books

likewise, that a proper account may be taken of their behaviour.

Pray, let me have a book, says Dicky; and me one, papa, says Tommy; and me one, mama, says Sally; and I'll have a book, says the little one. Ay, ay, said the father, but to what purpose? You often cry, Dicky, when you go to school, as Master Worthy did. But when I have a book, says Dick, I shall do so no more, and be as good as he. Master Worthy did not cry after this account was kept. Very true, says the father, but what say you to the china-plate, Tommy and Sally? when that was broke you both hid the pieces, and suffered little Kate Thompson to be blamed for it. But indeed, papa, we shall do so no more, says the children, and tell the whole truth, indeed we will, papa, and be as good as Master Worthy.

But pray, papa, says the eldest boy, don't the birds choose their mates on Valentine's day? I don't know but

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they may, said the father; old Zigzag here tells us so, who pretended to have a particular kind of horn, which, by placing to his ear, enabled him to understand their language; but you are not to believe such romantic stories. However, as there is some satire and instruction in his conversation of this kind, I shall let you know what passed between him and me once on a journey. Ay do, papa, says the little ones. I should like to know what our Canary-bird says;—and I what the Robin says;—and I what the Hen says, when she talks to her chickens. Peace, peace, then said he, and you shall hear.

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A LECTURE,

To let down the Pride of Man:

OR,

AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT PASSED ON

A Journey with Old Zigzag.

BEFORE we got a mile out of town, Zigzag informed me, that he promised himself much pleasure on this journey; for, as there were many birds on the road, he had put his horn in his pocket to know what they said to each other.

The first birds we saw were two magpies:

At whom he gazed a little, and they at him; at last one of the birds turned to the other, and said, "Come, let us fly further, and seek better company:" and as they flew away, "I wish, says Mag, that blockhead would mind his

own business, and let our's alone." Upon which he told me they had call-him blockhead for his curiosity, and that the Magpie was the most impertinent of all birds.

Soon after this, he heard a great chirping and chattering in a bush, and going up, and applying his horn, he found it was a parcel of Gold-finches, comforting a mother who had lost her young ones. See, says one of them, how wickedly these tyrants of men breed up their children; these wicked boys have pulled down the nest, and destroyed all the little ones, even before they were fledged. See where the dead babies lie. Raise and support the poor mother, wretched creature, her heart is broke, she is dying with grief! Oh, how merciless are mankind.

Zigzag dropped a tear, and trudging forward, saw a setting dog pointing to a Partridge, which addressed him in this manner. Are not you both a cruel and silly creature, Mr. Dog, to

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seek a life which has done no harm, and which can do you no service? When I am taken, what will you be the better for it? Your master is himself too fond of a delicious morsel, to give you any portion of my body when dressed; and as you know and felt (for I saw him whip you unmercifully) that he is a tyrant to us all, why should you be so solicitous in promoting his dominion? Is there, among all the creatures, one so savage as man, or so foolish and absurd in his actions? Among the inhuman race, one creature indeed will destroy another; but they don't destroy their own species. Yet man, more savage man, has no mercy on his own race, but brings an hundred thousand from one part of a country, to destroy an hundred thousand of another, without any apparent necessity. Your race, Mr. Dog, are as ravenous as most, yet I never heard that the dogs of Islington went in a body to destroy the dogs at Newington;

or that the mastiffs came from Wales, or from Scotland, to destroy their own species in England, or that those in England went to destroy them: yet of this piece of folly their masters have been frequently guilty. The dog blushed, hung down his head, and said, he saw the force of the argument: but, says he, My master is cruel, that if I don't help to murder you for his dinner, I shall not get even a piece of carrion for my own.

Going a little farther, he saw a Bee, sipping the sweet nectar of an honeysuckle, and a Wasp standing by, which the Bee thus accosted:

What a lazy loon you are, Mr. Wasp, and how like a fop you flutter about, without endeavouring to get any thing to support you in the winter. It is not very commendable, to lounge thus, and live upon the labours of others. Ah! Mr. Bee, replied the Wasp, you are not the wisest creature in the world, though you think so; I admire,

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indeed, your form of government, and the regulations in your state, and should equally applaud your industry, were you to reap the benefit of it; but that is not the case. Your property is not your own; for the thief will come in the night, that tyrant man will steal on you in the dark, and murder you, and set fire to your house, in order to rob you of your food. Under the dominion of tyrants, property is never secure; nay, it only serves to bring one the sooner to destruction, which is the reason that we labour not; and we feel the good effects of our idleness; for as we have nothing to lose, no one destroys us for plunder. The poor may walk safely in the night, or even sleep in the street; but the rich are obliged to keep watch, and fasten their gates and doors. This, if true, says the Bee, is poor encouragement to be industrious, and flying away to the hive, (whither Zigzag hobbled after with his horn) she told this

dreadful news to the queen. Her majesty hummed for some time, and then raising herself with superior dignity, she thus replied:

This story, my dear, may be invented by the Wasp, in support of his own laziness; for every fool finds an excuse for his folly. I have heard, indeed, that men formerly have burnt the hive of our forefathers, in order to steal their victuals; but I cannot believe they were either so wicked or so foolish: because, by putting another hive over what they lived in, and a light underneath, they might have driven them out of their old dwelling into the new one, and (after taking the honey) by giving them a little sugar, have preserved them to toil for more honey the next year: it is not, therefore, their interest to murder us. Go again to your labour, and never believe that man can either be so wicked or so foolish, as to do what is inconsistent both with his interest and his duty.

Ah, says Zigzag, madam queen, how little you know of mankind. Your scheme of preserving the lives of your Bees is indeed a good one; but we have neither prudence nor humanity enough to put it in execution. Poor creatures, I pity your fate; and down fell a tear.

At this instant came by a fine Ox, who looked as if he had been well fed, but was in a very melancholy mood, for he fixed his eyes upon the ground, and did nothing but grumble as he went along. Amoo, amoo, amoo, moo, moo, moo; hau! says he to himself, while a barbarous fellow walked behind, and kept continually goading him with a nail fixed into a pole, or beating him about the hocks, with a stick, which had a knob at the end of it. This cruel treatment excited compassion in a poet, who, as he passed along, cried out,

——— Ah! the poor Ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless aaimal,

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In what has he offended? He, whose toil,
Patient, and ever ready, clothes the fields
With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,
And wrestling groan beneath the cruel hands,
Even of the clown he feeds?

Mind your own business, says the surly fellow; I know what I have to do, I'll warrant ye, Zigzag observing that the poor Ox muttered and moaned as he went along, stepped up with his horn to know what he said. Amoo, amoo, amoo, says the poor animal, that is, "Ay, I know what you would be at. I have ploughed your ground for you, got in your corn, carried it to market, and done all I could to make you happy, and now you are going to murder me, as you did my father and mother, my brothers and sisters, and my grandfather and grandmother. Inhuman creatures as ye are!" Zigzag, a little stung with this last expression, which seemed a reproach upon his own species, bid him go along and not be abusive; these complaints, says he,

will do you no service. You must be killed, and all your generation; for you were made for the use of man. So you all say indeed, replied the Ox; but I can see no reason for it. You men are but tenants of the earth as well as we; and I don't know why one creature should not live as well as another. I have provided meat enough for you. Go, eat the corn, and the turnips and potatoes I have planted, and drink sister Cicely's milk, and let me alone can't ye? or, if I must die, don't let me be tortured. Take this wicked fellow from my heels, that treats me so cruelly. Nay, says Zigzag, you need not complain much of that. How many have your brothers and sisters destroyed of mine, when they have ran out of Smithfield and pretended to be mad? That was, replied the Ox, from a just resentment of your cruelty and your crimes. They avenged themselves on you, because, after they had served you honestly and

faithfully, you were so ungrateful and so cruel as to torture them to death. But however highly provoked with you, I will answer for my whole race, that in their height of distraction they never hurt any other animal; so just are we in our dealings. Very true, very true, says Zigzag, and throwing down his horn; the creature's complaints, says he, are just, and his arguments unanswerable. I have observed, that in their fits of distraction they never gore a horse, a sheep, or any other animal; but their whole resentment is directed against us alone, who are their tormentors; and this convinces me, that man, proud, imperious, cruel man, is the most unjust of all animals.

Zigzag spoke this with great emotion, and was retiring from the hateful scene, when he unfortunately fell over a mole-hill, on which was an Emmet's nest. Some of the ants, provoked at the injury he had done them, stung

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him on the hand, which awakened his curiosity, and turning round, he cried, what creature is there so little as not to contend for its life and property? He perceived, that he had made great havock among a parcel of innocent animals, who were labouring hard for the winter. Upon this he catched up his horn, and placed it to his ear; when he was amazed at the tumult he had caused in their innocent republic, and to hear the wise orders which were given by the ants on the occasion. Clear away that rubbish, says one; mend that bastion; repair that counterscarp; build this curtain. Oh, my poor children! says another, my children are destroyed. How wretched am I! I am undone. Lead in my poor father, says a third; oh! my mother is expiring. When Zigzag heard and saw this, he cried out with astonishment, "How great is the power of God! How wonderful the works of creation!" And when he

perceived with what art the little creatures bit the grain, to prevent its vegetating or growing in the earth, and then bore home burthens much bigger and heavier than themselves, he cried in the words of Solomon, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise." Consider your own ways, you booby, says one of the ants, and take care how you tread for the future. Had you regarded your own steps, you would not have tumbled on our city, you great looby, and have destroyed so many of our inhabitants.

In a meadow just by, Zigzag observed a poor little Jack-Ass, almost starved, which an unlucky fresh-coloured boy was throwing stones at. The Ass retreated, as Ajax did from the field of battle; (and how that was, my dear friend, you will know when you come to read Homer) in short, he disputed every inch of ground with the booby that beat him, and just as Zigzag lifted up his horn, the Ass shook off

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the dust from his ragged coat at the lad, and cried you are my foster brother; but are not you an ungrateful puppy? When you was sick and in distress, my mother was your nurse and your doctor. I gave up my milk, and almost starved myself to save you from destruction, and this is the grateful return which you make to a relation and benefactor.

The drollery of this dispute made Zigzag laugh; but a circumstance which happened afterwards gave him infinite uneasiness; for a Cock that had long and faithfully served his master; that had for many years punctually called him up in the morning; that had fed him with good eggs and plenty of chickens to his bacon and greens, was set up by this very man, whom he had so essentially served, to be murdered by inches, the murderer paying two-pence three throws; and which, after being disabled in his body, and having both his legs broke,

the inhuman master propped up with sticks to be still pelted. Yet when the conflict was over, and the poor animal was dragged from the bloody field, he cheerfully crowed. Ah! what dost thou crow for, says Zigzag, seeing thy condition is so miserable? I crow, said the cock, because, though I have suffered, I am innocent; and rejoice because I am not so ungrateful and wicked as my master.

In a meadow hard by, where there was plenty of good grass, Zigzag saw a very poor horse running backwards and forwards, and at times creeping into the hedges, instead of filling his belly; upon which he took up his horn, and accosted him in the language of the Houhnhms. Dobbin, or Ball, or whatever thy name may be, says he, why dost thou frisk about in this manner, seeing thy sides are lean, and I know thou art hungry? Ah! Sir, quoth the poor animal, in the language of the Houhnhms, I should be glad

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to feed, indeed; but my wise master, whose pride spurs him up to mend the works of the Almighty, has cut off my tail, that fence which Providence gave me against the flies, and instead of filling my belly, I am constrained, though tired and hungry, to run thus from my enemies.

In a field at some distance a team of horses were at plough, sweating and languishing under the heat of the day, while their drivers often stopped to refresh themselves with excellent cyder. 'Tis very hard, says Jolly to his brother White-foot, that we cannot get a drop of that good water yonder. Ah! so it is, replied Whitefoot, these blockheads never think of us! 'Tis a sad thing to be a farmer's horse, says Diamond: if we had drawn a road waggon, or run in a stage coach, we should have been watered twice, since we have been out, even if it had cost twopence: but these farmers have no compassion, and always imitate their fa-

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thers, even in their stupidity. Zigzag, who overheard this, stept up to the fore-horse, and asked, in the language of the Houhnhms, why he did not resent the driver's ill treatment? So I would, master, quoth the horse, if I was furnished with a whip and spur, as he is; but condemned as I am to servitude and torture, it is to no purpose to kick and be rusty. The fool my master will pay for it in the end; for if, while we are at work, he had generosity enough to bestow on us a little water, which would cost him nothing, we should be able to do him more business in the day, and live to serve him many years longer. But this the booby does not think of, though he sees it practised every day, by the waggoners, coachmen and others, who travel the road. Zigzag was out of patience with the driver, and immediately called out, Blunderbuss, just as the bottle was up at his mouth, you wet your whistle, sirrah,

but forget your poor horses. One would imagine that when you are so thirsty yourself, you would think of them. Suppose you were a horse, how would you like this treatment? Not at all, master, says the Ploughman, and now I think on it, Shoot off, Tom, cried he to the boy, and take them to the water; which was done, and the whole team thanked Zigzag, in a language that nobody understood but himself.

Going a little farther, he saw some rooks on a tree quarrelling, as he at first thought; but when he came within hearing, it was only the old rooks talking to their young ones, whom they thus admonished. Come, get up Flapsy, get up Wapsy, get up Pecksy, fly away and seek food for yourselves: what, do you think that your poor old father and mother are to feed you for ever? Dear mother, says one, I don't know how to fly; then come with me and learn, says Gaffer rook. I am not

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strong enough to fly, papa, says another ; get up and try, says Gammer rook, exercise will make you stronger. Ay, ay, bustle my boys, bustle, says the old gentleman, and learn to get your bread ; nature never intended that such bulky blades as you should live in idleness. We have no master rooks and madam crows to lounge about, and live upon the labours of others. Work and be strong, was a rule with your old grandfather, and he taught it me early. You may see what comes of idleness by looking at the great house here, where they are always ill of the gout, or the head-ach, or some trantrum or other. They are ill because they will not work and be well; but the people at the farm-house, who get up early and work hard, have no gouts or head-aches but what they whistle off in the fields. Come boys, bustle! bustle! You have wings to fly, a bill to pick, and claws to scratch, as well as your poor mother and me: fly, scratch, and pick my boys, and

get your bread, there's good children. So out he sent them, but left the nest for them to return to, in case of an accident; for it is a law with the rooks, never to leave their young, till they can get their food, and they never suffer them to be idle.

The next object which presented itself among the birds was a poor turtle-dove, whose mate had just been shot by a very naughty boy, or a very wicked man; for surely it must be wicked to destroy those innocent animals, who take nothing from us for their support, and yet entertain us with their company, and with the best melody they can make. It is impossible to describe the distress of the poor little creature that remained. She was fugitive and alone, and the dying cooes of her beloved mate dwelt for ever on her ear; at last in sadness she sung the following dirge, and died on the spot. where her dear companion and partner in life had made his exit.

The TURTLE'S DIRGE, for the loss of her Mate. Translated from the Æriał language. By M***.

How cruel is man,
How deceitful his art,
To rob a poor bird,
Of the half of her heart!
To rob a poor bird, &c. &c.

Ah! he is no more,
Who lived with me on high!
He's slain, he is gone,
And I follow, I die.
He's slain, he is gone, &c.

Having warbled out those sentiments in the most melancholy notes imaginable; she dropt from the spray and expired.

We are told, that the frequent complaints which animals made of the cruelty of mankind, put old Zigzag so out of humour with his own species, that he burnt his horn in order to hear no more of the matter; others say, that he gave it to a Bookseller, who daily employs it in writing the conversation of birds, beasts, and other animals; but how true this is, time only can determine.

It is certain, that all animals are susceptible of pain and pleasure as well as we; and capable of expressing those sensations to us, though they cannot communicate others; which is a kind of proof, that Providence provided them with those notes, and enabled us to understand them, that they might cry to us for help, and that we might hear and relieve them. The notes of a bird singing for joy, or screaming when in danger, or in pain, are amazingly different, and are by us easily understood; but

we know nothing of those whispers, cooings, and agreements they make about building their nests, breeding up their families, and migrating in flocks from one country to another. Yet it is certain, that they talk together in a language, which both they and their young perfectly understand, otherwise how could the swallows, martins, woodcocks, and other birds, agree to meet together, and make excursions in the air from time to time, to try the strength of their young, and then depart into a foreign climate, when they find them bold of wing and fit for flight?

These things are unknown to us; but this we know that they are our fellow-tenants of the globe; and that we ought to be kind to those that are innocent, and if we kill such as are noxious and endanger our safety, we are to do it without torture: "The merciful man, saith Solomon, is merciful to his beast;" but the wise and

benevolent man is an admirer of all the works of creation, and endeavours to promote the happiness of every living creature.

Go, my children, be merciful to your fellow-creatures, and to all animals, that God the maker of all, may be merciful to you.

FINIS.